very much struck, and I confess very much surprised at the quiet with which the escapade of the House of Lords (in throwing out the home-rule bill) has been received. To me it seems outrageous, but I do not think the people care much about it—perhaps it has given them even a new lease of a life, which Lord Salisbury's insolence seemed to have and ought to have endangered.

"We are just starting for London to recommence another legal year. I should not wonder if was the last. Your letter interested me, as your letters always do, and made me hope that some time before I go hence we may meet again and have some more talk together. I often think of our pleasant times together, and wish that they might recur."

The premonition that he was entering upon his last year was a true one. This letter was the last I had from him. His official labors, his attendance at the House of Lords, and the social demands of the London season broke him down. And then he was depressed by the loss of three of his life-long and intimate friends, Matthew Arnold, Professor Jowett, master of Balliol College, and Cardinal Newman. How he loved Newman may be gathered from a passage in an address which he delivered to the Institutes Union of Birmingham, on April 25, 1890, a copy of which he sent me after I left England. "Thinking for Ourselves" was his theme. He said: "We are sent here by God with a mind as well as a body, and it is our plain duty to make the best we can of both of them. * * * The time will come when we 'shall perceive'—I use the words of a great living writer—'that there are but two beings in the whole universe—our own soul and the God who made it. Sublime, unlooked-for doctrine, yet most true. To every one of us there are but two beings in the whole world, himself and God, for as to this outward scene, its pleasures and pursuits, its honors and cares, its contrivances, its personages, its kingdoms, its multitude of busy slaves, what are they to us? Nothing; no more than a show. Even those near and dear, our friends and kinsfolk, whom we do right to love, they cannot get at our souls or enter into our thoughts, so that even they vanish before the clear vision we have, first, of our existence, next of the presence of the great God in us and over us as our governor and judge, who dwells in us by our conscience, which is His representative.' You will easily guess where those words come from. Raffaelle is said to have thanked God that he lived in the days of Michael Angelo; there are scores of men I know, there are hundreds and thousands I believe, who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman." I think it a fitting close to these hastily written recollections to link together the names of these three friends—Arnold, Newman and Coleridge—and to quote a passage from Mr. Arnold's address delivered in this country on Emerson. He began it as follows:

"Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him forever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light, but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name in imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds today a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and rational institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still saying, 'After the fever of life, after weariednesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death; at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'"

Verily, these three were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and together I doubt not they are enjoying the beatific vision.

W. P. FISHBACK.

Titles in Georgia.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Who's the speaker on the right?"

"Colonel Smith."

"And the one on the left?"

"General Scott."

"And the fellow in the middle?"

"Major Brown."

"And the fellow who is speaking?"

"Captain Green."

"Well! in the name of goodness, is there anybody present who is not a colonel, or a general, or a major, or a captain?"

"Yes, sir; I am—Corporal Jones."

The Difference.

Philadelphia Record.

"Oh, papa, who is that raggedy man?"

"That, my son, is the great composer of grand operas." "And who is the fine-looking gentleman with such good clothes?"

"That's the man who wrote the latest popular song, 'Never Let Your Mother Carry Up the Coal.'"

AN ALPINE DESCENT.

Perils That Men Encounter for the Sake of Reaching a Pinnacle.

C. S. Davidson, in Atlantic Monthly.

It is one thing to come up an ice slope, step by step, cutting foot and hand holds, resting your body forward against the mountain, and quite a different matter to creep down, facing half outwards, each heel catching perhaps an inch to an inch and a half of hold in a niche in the ice, leaning backwards with one hand against the ice, and getting a more or less untrustworthy brace for your body from your upenstood, and below you, and a little to one side. On very steep slopes even this is impossible, and you must turn round and back down as you came up, feeling below with the toe of your boot, each foot alternately, for each new foothold. The descent to the great crevasse was not quite steep enough to make this latter mode necessary, except for the last few feet; so we crept down, half sideways, Pinggera first, I following, with the rope stretched nearly taut between us. We had gone perhaps half the distance from where the steeper portion of the slope began to the crevasse, when, taking momentary counsel with my fears, I said to Pinggera, "If we slip here, what then?" I suppose it was more the tone of my voice than what I said that affected him. He evidently thought that now, for the first time, and belying twenty experiences during the past few weeks of almost every conceivable combination of difficulties on ice and rock, I was about to lose my head, or, to put it in plain English, my "courage." He turned back on me a face of ashy whiteness, and, announcing what he thought the fact rather than answering my question, said simply, in tones of quiet, despairing conviction, "Wir sind verloren." As often happens, a recognition of the effect on another person of a momentary loss of confidence removed the actuating doubt. Whatever of pride I had came to my immediate assistance. But more than that, instant appreciation arose that, should any lack of confidence on my part infect Pinggera so that he also lost confidence, we were, indeed, as he succinctly put it, "verloren." Therefore I laughed, and said: "Well, go on; you can slip if you like; I shall not," and we methodically resumed our descent. Nevertheless, that exercise of care usually expressed by the conventional phrase, "walking on eggs," bore but slight comparison or relation to the excess of caution which I used for the next few minutes.

In perhaps five minutes more we reached the upper lip of the crevasse, and now our respective duties in descending were practically reversed. I lay stretched out above, with my feet in the last pair of footholds, and paid the rope out slowly as Pinggera slid and crawled down to the actual edge. He let his body slide as far over the edge as was compatible with still retaining control of his movements, and a hold on the lowest pair of handholds, and felt in the air with his feet to see if he could reach the lower lip. Naturally he could not, for his body, hanging straight down, brought his feet within the outer edge of the crevasse, some inches above and perhaps a foot inside the lower lip. Looking over his shoulder, he marked the exact spot he must reach with his feet, and judged the amount of outward swing he must give to his body when he let go his hold upon the ice above. This determined, he called up to me, and I paid him out about four feet of loose rope, as much as I could afford if he were to miss his footing on the lower lip, for if he fell either inside or outside the crevasse he could do nothing to check the momentum of his body, and I wanted no such tug at my waist as that of a body dropping, say, fifteen feet or so without a check.

Pinggera called to me that he was going to make his jump, steadied himself, glanced again over his shoulder, swung his feet, at the same time pushing his body out from the ice, and dropped. For just half a second he swayed and balanced himself on the top of the pinnacle and then stood firm. There was a sense of definite relief in seeing that this much, at least, was successfully accomplished. Again I paid him out rope, and he crawled down to where I had formerly perched below the lower lip, going a little to one side, that if I should slip in my descent I might not strike him and send us both rolling down the mountain. There, bracing himself as firmly as he could, with feet below and back against the mountain, he called to me that he was ready and to come on. If I now fell there were two possibilities: one of my going inside the crevasse, in which case the rope would lead from Pinggera on the outside over the edge to myself inside, and I could be hauled out. On the other hand, if I overshot the lip, I should half roll, half tumble past him, and if he did not succeed in grabbing me as I went by he could at least shorten up on the rope and check my momentum so that he could stop my fall. Following his procedure, I turned round, lowered myself along the ice to the lowest set of handholds, hung there for a moment, looked down over my shoulder, swung my feet steadily back, and dropped on the top of the fine pinnacle. My calculation had been accurate, and I found myself standing there in a half-crouching posture, but firmly and solidly.

WOMAN AND HER WATCH.

She Is an Expert in Taking Care of a Timepiece in Her Way.

Pearson's Weekly.

Perhaps a woman can't sharpen pencils and throw stones in just the orthodox way, but she can take care of a watch. Her ministrations begin with winding the watch, which she never thinks of doing unless she is going shopping or on a journey. Then, if she doesn't break the mainspring, she tucks the watch inside her dress, where the multitudinous hooks and buttons scrape and scratch the case and where it requires a half hour's investigation when she wants to see what time it is.

At night, when she takes off her dress, she forgets all about it, of course, and sends it whizzing under the bed as she throws back her bodice preparatory to wrestling her way out of it. If it stops she is not at all disconcerted. With a serenity born of long experience, she picks it up and shakes it until it ticks again.

After all, it is the unusually careful woman who wears her watch inside her dress, for the intricate fastenings of the fashionable bodices render it well-nigh impossible. She has the happy fashion of tucking it into the pocket of her cloak, or dumping it into the bottom of the bag she carries about with her, and which usually contains everything, from cough lozenges to her marriage certificate, or tucking it away, along with half a hundred samples, her latch keys and small change, in her portemonnaie.

Jewelers have wise instincts, notice quickly and cater well to sweet woman's whims. They understand that there is no earthly use in remonstrating with women, and explaining that it is their own fault that their watches never keep accurate time, and are constantly in need of repair.

No; they philosophically set about making little purses and card cases, with a separate apartment for the watch and an aperture on the outside, through which the hands may be seen; they set them in bracelets to be clasped about their wrist; they introduce them into the handles of umbrellas; they bury them into the heart of flower petals with a pin at the back; and, last of all, they have produced the woman's delight—the chatelaine.

This octopus arrangement of silver and gold pins on the one side, or slides over the belt, or winds girdlewise about her waist, but in any event it keeps the watch swaying and bangling against all the other knives and smelling bottles and shears and things with which she burdens herself, in a perfectly delightful way, that is warranted to thwart the purpose of the best-disposed timepiece ever manufactured.

There is only one other way in which she shows her ingenuity to better advantage than in the matter of watch management. She can think of a few more things to do with a cross baby than she can with a watch, but not many.

An Enterprising Florist.

Hardware.

A florist has built around his flower beds near Paris a circular track for bicycles. The track is one-quarter of a mile in circumference, and in connection therewith is a school for the education of those who wish to learn to ride the wheel. The chief interest centers in the fact that pupils and those advanced in the practice of riding loiter sometimes nearly half a day in the garden looking at and buying the flowers cultivated by the enterprising florist.